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HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.  
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.  
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARCATE.  
HOTEL METROPOLE  
AND  
CLARENCE ROOMS } BRIGHTON.

# THE GORDON HOTELS

ARE

HOTEL METROPOLE } LONDON.  
AND  
WHITENALL ROOMS }  
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.  
ROYAL PIER HOTEL, HYDE, I. W.  
HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.  
HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES.

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**ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES.**  
 For GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c. The Steamship **LYTANIA**, 1,607 tons register, will leave London, 21st March, for a 47 days' cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, MALTA, KATAKOL, NAFLIA, FIRAEUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, TUNIS, ALGIERS, arriving at Plymouth 15th May, and London 16th May.  
 For RUSSIA, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c. The GABONNE, 8,500 tons register, will leave London, 22nd April, visiting CADIZ, TANGIER, MALAGA, PALERMO, TAORMINA, VENICE, RAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA, PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantinople), GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 25th May, and London 26th May.  
 Strong band, electric light, high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co., Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For particulars of above and of later cruises apply to the latter firm, at 6, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**MR. PEROWNE'S CO-OPERATIVE CRUISES AND EDUCATIONAL TOURS.**  
 A THIRTY-GUNNIA PALESTINE CRUISE, March 20th, including Egypt, Athens, and Constantinople.  
 SIXTEEN-GUNNIA SPRING TOURS TO ROME.—Lectures by Prof. Mahaffy, Canon Evans, and others.  
 A TWENTY-GUNNIA BALZIC CRUISE, May 11, including St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania. A Twenty-Six Days Cruise for ALL SIXTEEN-AND-A-HALF GUNNIA ATHENS TOURS.  
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 Full particulars, with plans of the steamers, from Mr. Perowne's Secretary, 8, Kensington Gardens, London, N.W.

**Sore Throats**  
 "You cannot use a better gargle than **"CONDY."**  
 Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D.  
 (Late Physician, Throat Hospital).  
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
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 Really wholesale Confectionery.  
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**SIMPSON, FAWCETT & CO., LEEDS.**

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**WHITENS THE TEETH,**  
 prevents decay, and sweetens the breath. It is most exquisitely perfumed, and is a perfect toilet luxury for all who value the appearance of their teeth.  
 2s. 6d. per box. Sold everywhere.



## SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE GENEROUS WHIST-PLAYER TO THE  
ERUDITE MAIDEN.

We cut for partners. You and I  
Were destined to be *ris-à-vis*.  
You said the foe we might defy,  
You were so glad to fight with me!  
For grandmamma had shown you all  
The scientific skill she knew,  
Had taught you how for trumps to call,  
And how to score with chances few.  
With eager zest the game commenced,  
Our adversaries three tricks made.  
Now, really, I was not incensed  
When you played club instead of  
spade;  
Nor was I angry when you placed  
That fatal king upon my queen.  
Of course, I saw the card was faced,  
Another deal there should have been.  
'Twas scarcely wise the fourth time  
round  
The ace of diamonds to lead;  
But then it often has been found  
That theory is worse than deed.  
A bumper rubber! Yet your smile  
Was not less joyous than before,  
"With hearts for trumps, just wait a  
while!"  
You cried, as we began once more.  
'Twas in the middle of the game,  
In dire distress, I breathed a wish  
That grandmamma, of matchless fame,  
Had read a little Cavendish.  
'Twas quite by accident I spoke—  
My stupid tongue I can't restrain!  
So do blame me for your revoke  
And let us partners be again!

## ROYALTY BICYCLING.

H. R. H. The Prince of WALES has taken to bicycling. After the usual spill or two, which all first-rate riders whether on horses or wheels must experience, His Royal Highness is becoming such an expert that a change of title is seriously contemplated. If the alteration can be made without harm to the British Constitution (an excellent one enjoyed by the enjoys), then H. R. H. will be known as "The Prince of Wheels."

DR. FISHER, Suffragan Bishop of Southampton, is evidently exceptionally and deservedly popular. According to the *Westminster*, "he has enormous influence with jockeys in Yorkshire" and "at Newmarket." "FISHER" is an appropriate name for a Bishop, as "*Piscator hominum*"; and it is so proved by his already having caught the jockeys, and all "on his own hook." May he follow in the footsteps of the great Bishop FISHER; only, may he never "lose his head," as that good ecclesiastic did,—except for conscience sake.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS SUPERSEDED BY THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—The examiners will simply have to use the latest photographic apparatus to see if a candidate has any brains or not. Of course, the examination will be *in camera*.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY."—"Sit you down. . . I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you."—*Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 4.

OPENING SCENE OF NEW NAUTICAL ARCTIC DRAMA.—"Curtain rises, North Pole discovered."

## MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



No. II.—TRUMPS—KING OF HEARTS OF OAK.

## PROPOSED REGULATIONS FOR HYDE PARK.

(Compiled to please the *Wheeling Minority*.)

1. The gates shall be open from daybreak to sun-down, for the benefit of the cyclists.
2. Carriages drawn by, and riders mounted on, horses will be only admitted at convenient hours, for the benefit of the cyclists.
3. Volunteer corps will not be allowed to take up positions, for the benefit of the cyclists.
4. Public meetings will not be held in the customary spots, for the benefit of the cyclists.
5. Flower-beds will be removed and the sites levelled, for the benefit of the cyclists.
6. Military bands will be discontinued, for the benefit of the cyclists.
7. Schools will not be permitted to take exercise in processions of twos and twos, for the benefit of the cyclists.
- 8 and last. The park shall be closed in the face of the general public, for the benefit of the cyclists.

## Mem. by a Man.

(After reading Lord Wolseley's Speech.)

DESPITE New Woman nonsense, crass, immense,  
If still the Briton is to rule the brine,  
'Tis very clear our "First Line of Defence"  
Must still be mace-line!

HAPPY AND IMPERIAL AFTER-THOUGHT.—"By some most unaccountable oversight I omitted to send my customary congratulations to the Shoon Chief on his recent victory. May I ask you, my dear and most excellent Mr. P-nch, to make known publicly how much I regret this strange but absolutely unintentional omission? Yours, W-L-L-M (IMPERATOR)."

LATEST CRICKET.—What were the English Team in Australia "out for"? They were out for—a holiday.

THE RICHEST TRIAL GOING.—The St. George's Election Petition is said to have cost four guineas a minute. *Si non e vero e BENN trovato*.

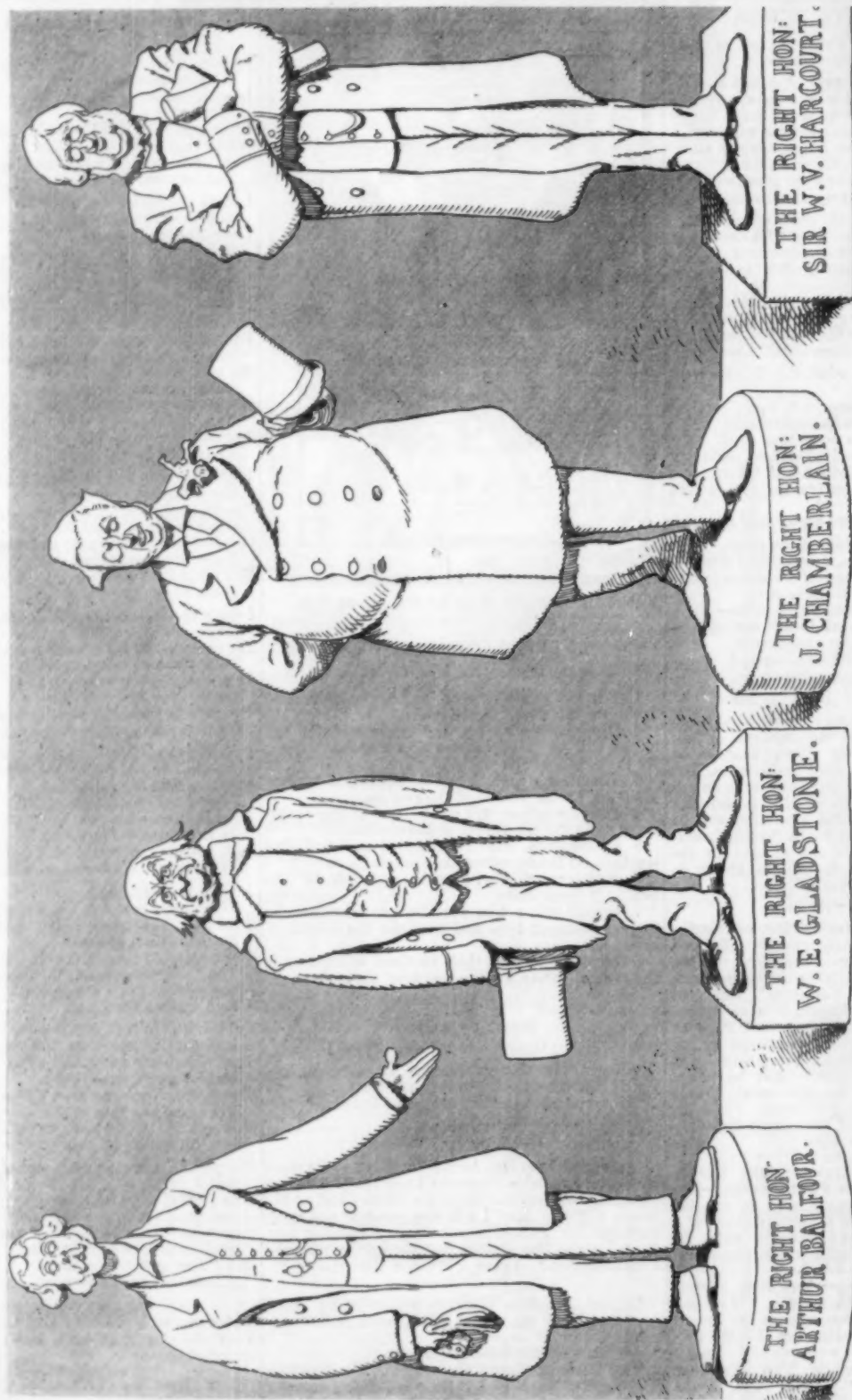
## THE CHAUNT OF THE BODLEY HEAD.

(After Præd.)

I THINK what modern mortals crave,  
With feverish endeavour,  
Is work erotically brave,  
Satanically clever:  
I think no book should now be long,  
And therefore I determine  
That paradox must mark the song,  
And epigram the sermon.  
I think the business of the wise  
Is with old rules to quarrel,  
Defiant of the decencies,  
Oblivious of the moral;  
The rule of Art the Autocrat  
No ethic impulse troubles,—  
While priest says this, and pedant that,  
Art—blows mephitic bubbles.  
I think they should be brightly blown,  
Though full of poisonous vapour,  
Sin's iridescent sheen alone  
Outshines dull Virtue's taper.  
Old Honesty temptation flies,  
And bids the devil behind him;  
But we log-roll the Sire of Lies,  
And Beardslayersquely bind him.  
I think to grub like ghouls in graves  
For gruesome allegories,  
Creative talent while it saves,  
Gives vogue to vapid stories.  
Old-fashioned critics carp and fume,  
Neurotic nonsense banning;  
But while the bookstalls give us room,  
Fresh bogies pay for planning.  
I think the DICKENSES and HOODS,  
Their stories and their verses,  
Too cheerful far for modern moods,  
Which run on crimes and curses,  
I think Modernity must frown  
On *Nell*, or *We Are Seven*;  
For nothing now will take the town  
That smacks of home or heaven.  
I think Love's like a problem-play  
Where Pan and POOLE are blended;  
Or like a foul November day,  
Whose fog in sludge is ended.  
Good fun in oyster, cad, or rough,  
In slums and "fourpenny dosses";  
But, bound in marriage bonds, stale stuff,  
Which natural instinct crosses.  
I think that sex, old he and she,  
Want some new common measure,  
That love, like union, should be free,  
Its only object pleasure.  
One man one wife might well content  
The drudge, the saint, the friar,  
Were wedlock more a sacrament  
And woman less a liar.  
I think that Wit should woo St. Giles,  
And not St. George, or Stephen.  
That Rahab and her subtle wiles  
Make Fancy's truest heaven.  
The pink and pure no more delight  
Your genius-gifted fellow,  
Now genuine Art is black and white,  
And Literature all yellow.  
The world for geniuses has sighed,  
And I, in sheaves, have found them;  
I've printed them with margins wide,  
And arabesquely bound them.  
Some who once worshipped, in remorse  
Their idols now seem burning;  
But I keep on my even course,  
A lane that has no turning.

MOTTO FOR MR. LUCKY AND OTHERS.—  
They who play at (TOMMY) BOWLS must  
expect rubbers.

THE BEST OF SMUGGLED GOODS.—  
JAMIEON'S spirits.



### WHAT PARLIAMENTARY SCULPTURE IS COMING TO!

STATUES FOR THE OUTER LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO HARMONISE IN DIGNITY OF TREATMENT AND ACCURACY OF PORTRAITURE WITH THE NEW EFFIGY OF JOHN BRIGHT.

## THE METROPOLITAN STATUES SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

["Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, replying to Mr. LABOUCHÈRE as to whether his attention had been called to a statue 'purporting to be of the late Mr. JOHN BRIGHT in the Central Lobby, and whether it is to remain there,' said that it was erected under arrangements made with his predecessors. He admitted that there were very varied views as to its artistic merits."]

This company has been formed for the purpose of supplying public statues and monuments on the hire system. In consequence of the numerous complaints against existing statues, there is reason to believe that temporary memorials, if obtainable, would be universally erected. The promoters expect that the company will be immediately appointed Sole Purveyors of Statues to the Houses of Parliament. It is needless to draw attention to the many advantages which would have accrued to the pockets of the subscribers, to the uninterrupted progress of traffic, and to the public comfort and convenience generally—not to mention the cause of Art—if the majority of statues and memorials in London had been obtained on this system, and had been subsequently removed. The apparently permanent erections and statues in various recent exhibitions have shown that the use of real bronze or marble is an old-fashioned and exploded fallacy.

**Guaranteed Portrait Department.**—On payment of ten per cent. extra on the hiring terms, a certificate of correct resemblance, signed by the executors of the person represented, will be supplied with the statue.

**Circulating Statuary Department.**—Statues lent out in the same manner as books from Messrs. MUDIE'S. For terms of subscription, apply to the Secretary. Statues cannot be changed more frequently than once a week.

**Memorials Department.**—Larger erections, containing several statues or groups, supplied at the shortest notice. A large selection of horses, griffins, and other animals. The hitherto disregarded anatomy and action of these fabulous monsters will be carefully attended to.

**Fountains Department.**—The new patent fountains, with imitation jets of water, will be a special feature. This new invention obviates the wetting of passers-by, the fear of which has hitherto prevented the use of a large jet, and has necessitated a meagre squirt or dribble of water, of mean and ridiculous appearance. The new jets, of a patent metallie compound, gleam in the sunlight, and are varied at intervals in rise and fall by an arrangement of springs in the fountain. They are at present manufactured in Germany by the *Wissenschaftlich-Kunstgesellschaft*, the Scientific Art Company, of Berlin. Real water for drinking purposes, rarely required, can, if wished, be supplied from a tap.

**Secondhand Department.**—A large number of returned statues, misfits, and other slightly damaged stock, will be offered for sale at immense reductions. Suitable for provincial towns, tea-gardens, newly-erected villa residences, &c., &c. Warranted to stand the weather if properly varnished once a year. Great reduction on taking a quantity.

**Preliminary Notice of Sale.**—A job lot of real bronze and marble statues, removed from Westminster, Trafalgar Square, the City, &c., will shortly be offered at ridiculously low prices. Also an aluminium angel (tarnished), and a griffin. Both with very spirited action. Suitable for exportation to Central Africa.

## FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(As they ought to be Reported.)

KING PRINCEPH and Suite are making a lengthened stay at Elmina Castle.

Ex-Prime Minister RAINTILAHIVONY is expected at Geryville, Algeria, from Madagascar.

ABARI PASHA continues to enjoy the salubrious climate of Ceylon.

Dr. LEANDER JAMESON, Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY, the Hon. H. F. WHITE, the Hon. R. WHITE, Mr. C. P. FOLEY, and friends, have arrived in town, after a short tour in the Transvaal.

Major LOTHAIKE has been summoned to Léopoldville, Congo Free State, on urgent personal business.

The King of BURMAH and family are still on a visit to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY HAS NOW REACHED A MOST PROSPEROUS PERIOD.—It is enjoying its Millaisium.



## HOME! DULL HOME!

(Up-to-date Version of a very Out-of-date Song)

["We English are learning how to live, and even to take our pleasures less sadly. . . . Another decade or so may see us a pleasure-loving nation. Yes, we are on the up-grade! The younger generation of husbands and wives will not live "to keep house." . . . The feminine glory of domesticity is dying, if not already dead."—"Concerning Dress" in the "Westminster Budget."]

'Mid Rinks and Ice Palaces now let us

ream!

Be it ever so risky it's better than

home.

A spell as of lead seems to deaden us

there,

Let's mix in the world and cavort

everywhere.

Home! home! dull, dull home!

A slow place is home! A slow place

is home!

To learn how to live we must quit the

fireside,

The up-grade of life is on Fashion's

full tide.

Your stay-at-home dowdy is now out

of date,

To keep up to time, you must bike

and must skate.

Home! home! dull, dull home!

Be it ever so stylish, a slow place is

home!

"Keep house," in a suburb? What prison were that!

No, no, we'll hang out on a smart West-End flat.

Sky-scraping, perchance, but with that we'll make shift,

For we're raised in the world by the aid of a lift.

Home! home! Who cares for home!

Be it ever so lofty, a flat may be home!

The sweet domesticities women now flout,

The Darby and Joan style of thing is played out.

"The social pulse quickens," as everyone feels,

And the world, like our women, now goes upon wheels.

Home! home! Man's not a gnome,

To dwell in a dull hole because it's called home!

The unselfish stay-at-home girl has no chance;

She must tennis and flirt, she must bike, skate, and dance.

In tammy and jupe, or in rational dress,

She must flourish around if she'd score a success.

Home! home! Abroad she must roam,

Or be doomed all her days to that dull place called home!

If married and mother she yet plays her part;

With six charming children she still must look "smart."

For, judging by facts, what Society likes

Is a maid who is bold, and a matron who bikes.

Home! home! Froth, flash, and foam,

Our women now crave, and they're scarce found at home!

A prisoner at home, woman grizzles in pain—

"Oh! give me my knickers and cycle again;

The high-collared JOHNNIES who come at my call,

Give me them, with the fix of mind dearer than all!"

Home! home! Dull, dull home!

Till a woman turns sixty a slow place is home!

Billiards UP-TO-DATE.—A match—7500 up—is being played at

Manchester between Mrs. RICHARDS and J. MACK. This is the first

time, says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, that a lady player has appeared

in public. But there is no reason why the fair sex should not

succeed in this new sphere of action. For ladies are not lacking in

cue-riosity, and thoroughly understand the art of "nursing." The

Lady Professional Billiard Player is in training to lead troops, as she

at least will never faint at the sound of a cannon!

WELL PROTECTED.—Both Houses of Parliament are provided with

an inexhaustible stock of great bores, small bores, and old-fashioned

smooth bores. With their aid either Chamber can be cleared in less

than three minutes.

WHY is the Primrose League particularly interested in President

KRÜGER's visit?—Because he is Premier of a Pretorian Parliament.





## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BARON HURRY BUNGSHO JANNERJEN, B.A.)

No. VI.

*Dealing with his Adventures at Olympia.*

THE dialogical form is now become an indispensable *factotum* in periodical literature, and so, like a *brebis de Panurge*, I shall follow the fashion occasionally,—though with rather more obedience to a literary elegant style of phraseology than my predecessors in *Punch* have thought worth to practise. Time: the other morning. Scene: the breakfast-table at Portico-bello House, Ladbroke Grove. Myself and other select boarders engaged in masticating fowl eggs with their concomitant bacon, while intelligently discussing topical subjects (for we carry out the poetical recipe of "Plain thinking and high living").

*Miss Jessimina (at the table-head).* The papers seem eloquent in laudation of the Sporting and Military Show at Olympia. How I should like to go if I had anyone to take me!

*Mr. Wythe (stingily).* And I would be enraptured at so tip-top an opportunity, but for circumstance of being stonily broken.

*[Helps himself to the surviving fowl egg.]*

*Mr. Cosseter (in sepulchral tone).* Alack! that doctorial prescriptions do nill for me such nocturnal jinks; otherwise—

*[He treats himself to a digestible pill.]*

*Myself (taking a leap into the darkness and deadly breaches).* Since other gentlemen are not more obsequious in gallantry, I hereby tender myself for honour of accompanist and *cade mecum*.

*Miss Jess.* (lowering the silken curtains of her almond-like orbs). Oh, really, PRINCE! So very unexpected! I must obtain the expert opinion of my Mamma.

Mistress MANKLETOW did approve the jaunt on condition of our being saddled by a select lady boarder of the name of SPINK as a *tertium quid* to play at propriety; at which I was internally disgusted, fearing she would play the old gooseberry with our *tête-à-tête*.

Having arrived at Olympia, we perambulated the bazaar prior to the commencement of the shows, and here (after parting with rs. 8½ for three seats on the balcony) I did bleed more freely still, for Miss JESSIMINA expressed a passionate longing to possess my profile, snipped out of paper by the scissors of a Silhouette, for which I mulcted one shilling sterling.

And, after all, although it proved the *alter ego* and speaking likeness of my embossed Bombay cap and golden spectacles, she found the fault that it rendered my complexion of a too excessive murkiness; not reflecting (with feminine imperceptivity) that, the material being black as a Stygian, this criticism applied to the portraiture of all alike!

Farther on I presented her and the female gooseberry with a pocket-handkerchief a-piece, interwoven by a mechanism with their baptismal appellation (another rupee!).

Then we arrived at a cage containing an automatic Devil revealing the future for a penny in the slit, and Miss JESSIMINA worked the oracle with a coin advanced by myself, and the demon, after flashing his optics and consulting sundry playing-cards, did presently produce a small paper which she opened eagerly.

*Miss Jess. (after perusal).* Only fancy! It says I'm "to marry a dark man, and go for a long journey, and be very rich." What ridiculous nonsense! do you not think so, PRINCE?

*Myself (with a tender sauciness).* Poet SHAKESPEARE asserts there are more things in Heaven and earth than the Horatian philosophy. I am not a superstitious—and yet this mechanical demon may have seen correctly through the brick wall of Futurity. Have you not a worshipful adorer who might be described as dark, and to whose native land it is a long journey?

*Miss Jess. (with the complexion of a tomato).* It's time we took our seats for the performance. And you are not to be a silly!

It is notorious that the English female vocabulary contains no more caressing and flattering epithet than this of "a silly," so that I repaid to my seat immoderately encouraged by such gracious appreciation. Of the show, I can testify that it was truly magnificent, though the introductory portion was somewhat spoilt by the too great prevalence of the bicycle, which is daily increasing its ubiquity, nor do I see the rationality of engaging a *sais* in topped boots to attend upon each machine, under the transparent pretentiousness of its belonging to the equine genus, since it can never become the similitude of a horse in mettlesome vivacity.

My companions marvelled greatly at the severe curvature of the extremities of the cycle-track, which were shaped like the interior of a huge bowl, and while I was demonstrating to them how, from scientific considerations and owing to the centrifugal forces of gravitation, it was not possible for any rider to become a loser of his equilibrium—lo and behold! two of the competitors made the *facilis descensus*, and were intermingled in the weltering hotchpot of a calamity.

But on being disentangled they did limp away, and it is allowable to hope that they suffered no serious dismantling of their vital organs. Still, I cannot approve of these bicycle contentions, which are veritable provocative flights at the providential features.

It is *nem. con.* and undeniable that it was a wise move to transfer the race for the Derby Ribbon from the remoteness of Newmarket Downs to a spot where it can be competed *de die in diem* and under a cover. And I was overjoyed to perceive Hon'ble Sir HENRY IRVING, who was pointed out to me, returned from United States of New York, and driving a small open vehicle in company of *Charley's Aunt* and a youth attired as a mariner.

But the pity of it, Horatio! that he had selected a steed of such snailish propensity as only to be budged by the pricks of a parasol! Moreover, I venture to hint that it was *infra dig.* for so respectable a Thespian to chase *Charley's Aunt* around the circumference of the velodrome, and the spectacle of such incongruous sprightliness may detriment his fame as a tragic.

The concluding entertainment was a military battle with the Chitralis; and how to express the swelling of my heart with the martial sentiment of courage at beholding the warriors on the march, and taking tender farewells of their ladyloves and *fiancées*, who were *Niobe* all tears on the shoulders of their nearest relations!

And pride further expanded my bosom to witness the construction of an impromptu bridge in a storm of snow across the bottomless pit of an abyss, and the gallantry with which British troops volleyed and

thundered to the dismay of their barbarian adversaries!

Such exhibitions do greatly assist in promoting patriotism, and implant the courageous impulse in many an unwearied breast, as I can vouch from personal experience.

After the termination I conducted my *protégées* to the Palmarium, where we sat under a shrub imbibing lemon crushes, brought by a neat-handed Phyllis in the uniform of a housemaid intermixed with a hospital nurse. Here occurred a most discomposing *contretemps*, for presently Miss JESSIMINA uttered the complaint that two strangers were regarding herself and Miss SPINK with the brazen eyes of a sheep, and even making personal comments on my nationality, which rendered me like toad under a harrow with burning indignation.

At length, being utterly beside myself with rage, I summoned one of the Phyllises and requested her to take steps to abate the nuisance, being met with a smiling "*Nolo Episcopari*." So, entreating my companions not to give way to panic and leave their cause in my hands, I went in search of a policeman.

Unfortunately some time flew before I could find one at liberty to understand my crucial position, nor could I obtain from him a legal opinion as to whether I could administer a cuff or a slap in the ear to my insulters without incurring risk of retaliation in kind.

And, on returning to the spot with a large, stout constable, I had



"With a large, stout constable."

the mortification to discover that the two impolite strangers had departed, and that Misses MANLEYTOW and SPINK were similarly imperceptible.

However, after prolonged search and mental anxiety, I returned alone, and was rewarded by finding my fair friends arrived in safety; and hearing that the two strangers had explained, in the gentlemanly terms of an apology, that they had mistaken them for acquaintances.

Consequently I am thankful that I did not execute my design of assault and battery, more especially as I am the happy receiver of many handsome compliments on all sides upon the tactfulness and *savoir faire* with which I extricated myself from my shocking fix.

At which my countenance beams with the shiny resplendency of self-satisfaction.

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### MORE ABOUT OLD SERVANTS.

I LEFT off last week having said but little on the general character of old and faithful servants—the epithets in this connection are practically synonymous. Feudalism as a vital force has vanished from the land, but in the relation of an old servant to the family he has served something of feudalism still lingers, something that enables one to understand the deep devotion of mediæval retainers to their house and the fatherly interest of the lord in his dependants. It is curious how, as the years go by, the ancient butler or body-servant assimilates the characteristics of the master he admires; imitates, let us say, his little bursts of temper, his manner of bearing himself, his walk, the fashion of his ties, and his way of wearing his hat, and offers to a different circle a reproduction, as close as circumstances will permit, of the general air of his beloved master. One venerable servitor of this kind it was my lot to know, and I shall never forget the old man's grief and vexation when his master, who had long worn his collars turned down, was suddenly converted to the stick-up variety. It was as though the face of the world had been completely changed, so difficult did he find it to accommodate himself to his master's new appearance.

"Of course," he observed, "Mr. B. looks well in that kind of collar—he'd look well in anything; but there was a something about the old ones which I can't get in this new lot. It isn't for me to make a remark, but there, Sir, don't you think them turn-downs gave him a more noble look, 'aughtier as you may say, and more of the master. I'm certain it's not so easy to respect a stick-up." "JACKSON" I retorted, "I'm willing to stake my fortune you'll be in stick-ups yourself before a month is past." "Me, Sir? Never!" But in a fortnight the old fellow was in stick-ups, and went about his work as if he had never worn any other kind. He used to be very severe, I remember, with the younger members of the family, and used to hurl at them curious and terrible compound oaths which he had contrived, so he said, to manufacture during his foreign wanderings in attendance upon his master. "Sakrabillipolakadonia, Master FREDDY, will you stop making that noise outside your father's library door," or "Jessossamnessy, Master DICK, if I ketch you stealing another of your father's cambric handkerchers you and me will have to part; there's no two words about that." These are two of the awful phrases I have heard him use. The youngsters, I am sorry to say, used to laugh at him, and take a fiendish delight in irritating him almost beyond endurance.

THE old servant, however, is to be known not merely by his venerable and awe-inspiring appearance. That, of course, is one mark, but it is not invariably found. The most certain indications are, first, an absolute devotion to his master and mistress; second, a fatherly interest in the younger members of the family; and third, a claim, which is never contested, to be consulted in all family arrangements, and to have his views treated with deferential respect. The devotion does not exclude criticism, the fatherly interest often entails disapproval of pranks to which boys and girls all the world over are prone. But as against the rest of the world the family is, in the eyes of the old servant, composed of immaculate paragons, and was betide the rash outsider who ventures to hint a fault in any one of them. And the boys and girls, though they may grow up and pass out into the world and become in their turn fathers and mothers, are, to the old servant, children to the end of the chapter, children who have to be protected against themselves, and whose wayward dispositions must always involve them in scrapes, out of which only an old servant's



### A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

loyal ingenuity can extricate them. And how cheerfully the old fellow's face glows, how warm is his faithful welcome when the captain returns from India, or the daughter of the house comes back for a time to the parental nest with a new little fledgeling in her arms. Old servants and dogs—these are the only classes in which you find unquestioning faith and an attachment, rooted deep down in their very being, which nothing can alter or destroy.

As I write there arrives a further communication relative to Mrs. WATSON, of whose table-talk I gave a specimen last week. Here is another:—

"We 'ad a garden, BOBRINSKY and me, size of a pocket-'anky-chiff, at Tottenham, where my brother 'e used to come of a Sunday mornin' with a pennywuth o' mixed seeds in 'is pockets, all sorts; and after cleanin' the boots for me, which BOBRINSKY bein' a Pole and proud never would do, but my brother o' course 'ad been a dragoon and learnt to be 'andy, 'e used to plant them seeds all over the place, and sich a crush when they all begun a comin' up, and no room for 'em—it was 'ere am I and where are you—but my brother 'e said when some of 'em died down the others would be a springin' up, and we should always 'ave a show that way and 'e'd chance it; but not knowin' the proper seasons for plantin' there was a rare muddle, and the little 'un 'e kep' tearin' of 'em up to see where the roots was. Still it was pretty cheery, and BOBRINSKY 'e rigged up a plank or two, with a nice piece of tarpaulin' over the top, and read 'is newspaper there of a Sunday mornin', and said it rather reminded 'im of Poland. BOBRINSKY, pore fellow, 'e died soon arter we left Tottenham of a ploral noomonia, which is when you 'ave it in both lungs; they call it ploral. But there, single noomonia is bad enough I say."

UTAH has just been admitted into the American Union. It surely will be known as the Matrimonial State.



"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

"I SEE YOU CHARGE ME ELEVENPENCE FOR YOUR MUTTON, MR. BARTON. WHY IS IT MR. READ IN THE HIGH STREET LETS ME HAVE IT FOR TENPENCE?"

"I'M SURE, M'M, I COULDN'T SAY—UNLESS IT'S HE'S TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU, M'M!"

#### "CLIENTS FEEL CHEAP TO-DAY."

THE "World's Great Marriage Mart!" Its fate

Shows it a trap for he's;  
"Good figures" figured in the bait,—  
And also in the fees!

A "better half" it might sometimes  
Provide for chaps with pelf;  
But always grabbed—chief of its crimes—  
The best half for itself.

The "turnover" nine thou., we learned,  
Which yearly did increase;  
But now its managers are turned  
Over to the police!

With Eve in tow, and dupes to bleed,  
It swam along quite gaily;  
Till the "Old Adam" of its greed  
Ended in the Old Bailey.

"THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS," was the heading of an article in the *St. James's Gazette*. "Dear me!" observed an enlightened reader, "what holidays these officials do have! How long has the Board been away?"

MR. SAMUEL STOREY DECLINES A TESTIMONIAL.—He thanks Mr. CALVERT and the Liberal Association, but as to a testimonial, he says, "Not for me; that's quite another Storey!"

### THE IRON AGE.

From "The World," June, 1900.

THE first meet of the Out-of-Hand Club last week was a great success, no fewer than sixteen automobile coaches assembling at the Magazine. Lord PENNINGTON's turn-out, as usual, was the object of general admiration; the brass-work of his engine was in perfect order, and he handled the lever with all his accustomed skill. That post of honour, the stoker's seat, was occupied by Lady VERA PLANTAGENET. Sir THOMAS JONES's petroleum-car was also worthy of notice, although some of the critics thought that the odour of the oil was a little excessive. Punctually at three o'clock, to the cheery blast of the steam-whistles, the procession started for Greenwich. Unfortunately Mr. REDDINGTON's accumulators refused to act, so that his electric coach was left standing, and had ultimately to be towed home by a traction-engine. Close to Greenwich, too, another casualty occurred, as Lord COBBLE's car suddenly bolted down-hill. We believe that a few pedestrians were killed, but fortunately no real harm was done.

WE regret to have to record the death, under melancholy circumstances, of the Duke of PUDDLETON. His Grace was extremely anxious to take part in the Division of last Tuesday on the Infants' Suffrage Bill. He drove to the House of Lords in his steam-carriage, and, fearing that he would not arrive in time to vote, he rashly sat upon the safety-valve. He was said by the passers-by to have been travelling fully at the rate of a mile a minute when the boiler exploded. We hear that such fragments of his Grace as were afterwards collected are to be interred to-morrow.

TO those ladies of weak nerves who are unable to ride a bicycle, and find the ordinary automobile machine too skittish, we may confidently recommend Messrs. DORN's new miniature steam-rollers, each of which is warranted quiet to ride and drive. Several of these dainty engines, tastefully painted in art colours, have lately been seen in the Park.

A COMPLAINT comes from the Household Cavalry that it is extremely difficult to ride their new bicycle-chargers in the regulation top-boots. Hitherto their protests have met with no attention at the hands of the War Office, and we suppose that the usual red-tape difficulties will be urged against any change. Yet the War Office can be radical enough on occasion. It is actually proposed to repaint in a darker colour the famous white machines of the Scots Greys, on the plea that the present hue would be too conspicuous on the battle-field!

WE omitted to mention at the time the last meet of the Pythley, which took place some weeks ago. The scent was exceedingly well laid, the paper being sufficiently thick to prevent any check all through the run. Amongst the first to reach home was that well-known rider Miss BUSTER, who was mounted on a "Scorcher" racer, which carried her admirably. There is some talk of continuing paper-chasing in the shires all the year round for the future.

LOVERS of natural history will be glad to hear that a specimen of that almost extinct quadruped, the horse, was captured in Devonshire last week. Seven gamekeepers had attempted to shoot it, but fortunately without success. It was taken alive, and removed to the Zoological gardens. Doubtless its presence there will attract crowds of visitors during the next few weeks.





“WELL MATCHED.”

OOM PAUL (to “Pushful Joe.”)—“LOOK HERE! PUSH-STROKE BARRED YOU KNOW!!”





**'FOR THE CROWN'; OR, MICHAEL AND HIS BAD ANGEL.**  
 MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, Miss EMERY, Mr. DALTON, Mr. LAY and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, appear triumphantly in case *For the Crown*



"A WRIGGLER TWISTER!"  
 Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the new Serpentine Squirm.

at Lyceum. The scenic artists Brother RYAN and Sister HANN have excelled themselves. CRAVEN's picture of Trajan's Arch most picturesque. Admirable is equestrian statue of Warrior King of Widdin, erected to celebrate a battle and a Widdin on the same day, modelled by Mr. LUCCHESI (an' sure the figure does look aisy on his horse), which leaves all previous stage statues far behind, including our old friend the Statue of the Commandatore in *Don Giovanni*.

The worst of a stage statue is that so much is expected of it. If it doesn't descend, or nod, or show itself to be "something striking," the audience is apt to be disappointed. Fortunately in *For the Crown*, the interest felt in the fate of *Constantine-Forbes-Branconir-Robertson* and of Mrs. Patrick-Milita-Campbell is so absorbing that the statue hasn't a chance against them. True that FORBES ROBERTSON does place his face, profile-wise, against the pedestal, as if giving the statue "a bit of his cheek," but as the statue, though very much "up in the stirrups," remains unmoved, the public interest in the effigy soon dies out.

Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, who was a lost angel to FORBES ROBERTSON and ENRY HAUTHORJONES as *Michael's Angel* in the short-lived clerical drama, now reappears as a warning angel, not, however, to *Michael* (his full title is *Prince Michael Branconir*), but to *Constantine* his son. In this piece the good angel is Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL, and the bad angel, Miss EMERY. After a most trying scene, splendidly acted by Messrs. DALTON and ROBERTSON, *Constantine* slays his father *Michael*, who has been trying to "save his beacon," which *Constantine-Robertson* immediately kindles, and in a second, before you can say knife, all the fat is in the fire!

Stephen, the Warrior-King-Bishop, an amiable representative of the Church Militant, is impressively rendered by Mr. LAY ROBERTSON.

*Princesses Basilide*—rather an unfortunate name to pronounce, since it sounds as if any actor, who has to speak of or to her, was



*Lady Winifred-Emery-Macbeth, Junior* (to her husband). "Fancy! To be a king! to have your hair cut!! and to wear a nice new royal dressing-gown!!! Infern of purpose! How can you hesitate?"

suffering from a severe "cold id de dose," and was trying his best to say "Vaseline"—is played with all the "Emery powder" that

Miss WINIFRED can put into the character. Miss *Emery-Basilide* is this "*Michael's*" Bad Angel, and is intended to be a fascinating *Lady Macbeth Junior*. Would it not add to the attraction, if, on three days of the week, Mrs. PAT were to play *Basilide* and Miss EMERY *Milita*, and on the other three *vice versa*, and toss up for parts at *matinées*? These two women never meet, and consequently never have a great scene to themselves.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, disguised as a minstrel, with an instrument which he can't play, and without a song, is, musically, disappointing; but he is all there as a "secret agent of the Sultan," and perhaps might just now find diplomatic employment between St. Petersburg and Constantinople. CARL ARMBRUSTER's music is in keeping with the general excellence that marks the entire production. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE's (original French play may be poetically brilliant, but that it is so cannot be gathered from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON's version of it. Had COPPÉE and DAVIDSON been dramatists, they would have given a grand scene to the two heroines. Not too late now. However, "leave well alone" is a good rule, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON may rest content with its success.

UNBI ET ORBI.—Mr. Punch begs to inform everyone everywhere that no number of his immortal publication will again bear date "Saturday, February 29," until the year 1902. Friends at a distance and subscribers yet unborn will please accept this intimation.

INDISPUTABLE.—When a Lord Chancellor quits office he gets the Order of the Woolpack.

ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF TRANSTAL.—Cross country.



Forbes Robertson. "The play wants lightening. Here goes! Ha! ha! a Blaze of Triumph!"



### THINGS ONE WOULD HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD CHAP! ARE YOU KEEPING STRONG?"  
 "NO; ONLY JUST MANAGING TO KEEP OUT OF MY GRAVE."  
 "OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT!"

### AN IMPERIAL INTERVIEW.

Brussels, March 4, 1896.

SIR.—Armed with your credentials, I had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the August Personage, whose name it is as well not to mention in view of the perturbed state of Europe. I found him at his Imperial Castle of Pansemutter (it is best to be discreet), busily engaged, with a large map of the world before him, in planning, as I imagined, some delightful foreign trips. As I entered his study he was singing, to a not unfamiliar air, the following words:—

"Rule, rule the KAISER,  
 He rules the earth and waves,  
 And Teutons ever, ever must be slaves."

"Words and music mine own," he said, with some touch of pride, as he begged me, as he expressed it, "to come to an anchor." I was struck by the August One's attire. On his head he wore an eagled helmet; his coat was, if I mistake not, the full-dress swallow-tail of a British admiral, and his legs displayed the tight red continuations of a hussar, together with a pair of long sea-boots. The August One evidently noticed my surprise at his original costume, for he observed gravely, "I am the impersonification of the Army and the Navy combined. I am, as it were, Mars-Neptune, formidable, awe-striking, not to be contradicted. You see," he added, pointing to the map; "I am, as is my custom, amusing myself with a little game of International Harum-Scarum—my own invention and sufficiently entertaining." I begged the August One to explain. He graciously acceded to my request.

"Here, for instance, is Constantinople. A lot of Powers are knocking at the Porte—joke of my own, registered for my next comic opera. I encourage them to go on knocking, but I also tell him who has the key to be sure and not open the door. One of the Powers knocks louder than the others; instantly, in the twinkle of an eye (*augenblick*), I suggest to a good friend across the Atlantic that this noisy Power is about to poach on his territorial preserves. The good friend takes the bait and threatens the noisy Power, who instantly suspends his knocking, and, before he can begin again, I myself put salt, manufactured solely in Teutonia, on his loomine tail by means of another friend in South Africa. Two Powers, who are allied to

me as chestnut-out-of-the-fire-pickers, become too intimate. Heigh presto! in an instant I frighten one with an apparition of a Great Bear in the Balkan provinces, and I provide the other with terrible war-dancing in Eastern Africa. The Great Bear himself is not inclined to dance just now, but he shall foot the Zardas before I have done with him. For my most concited neighbour, you know to whom I refer, I prepared a pretty pic-nic among the morasses of Madagascar. I have also, to his ever-to-be-regretted cost, invited him to have high words with the noisy Power about the flesh pots of Egypt. A conceited Iberian monkey has, on more than one occasion, made rude faces at me. It less time than it takes to smoke a Cuban cigar, I have induced my good Transatlantic friend to pull his ears, and I have, for the chattering magpie next door to him, a rod in pickle, which shall be laid on not a thousand leagues from Delagoa Bay. In the far East I stage-managed a very effective drama in which celestial pigtailed got handsomely japed, and I am busily preparing another wondrously-intricate piece of the same nature. So you see I keep them all employed and myself entertained."

"But then, Sir," I cried, "you must be omnipotent."

"I am," he replied, proudly drawing himself up till the eagle on his helmet knocked some drops off the crystal chandelier. "I shall soon be master of the universe, sun, moon, and stars included."

At this moment an individual in uniform glided into the room, and, with respectful obeisance, presented a note, heavily sealed with red wax, to the August One. He tore it open with a triumphant smile; but, as he read, his countenance changed to an expression of concentrated fury.

"Beasts! brutes! Unmentionable scoundrels!" he cried savagely; and then perceiving me, he crumpled up the missive and flung it full in my face. Clutching the precious document in my right hand, and forgetting to pick up my hat and umbrella, I fled from the palace and rushed to the railway station. The Brussels express was just leaving, and I sank exhausted on the velvet cushions of a first-class carriage. What a terrible journey all on your account. Happily I was not pursued. Not till we had passed the frontier did I remove the letter from my boot and devour its contents. It ran as follows:—

"SIR.—The Reichstag declines to spend another mark on never-to-be-satisfied naval armaments.—Your devoted, Von M."

Now I understand the August One's wrath, and so I hope do you. Awaiting the ever-beneficial and welcome obsequy, I am

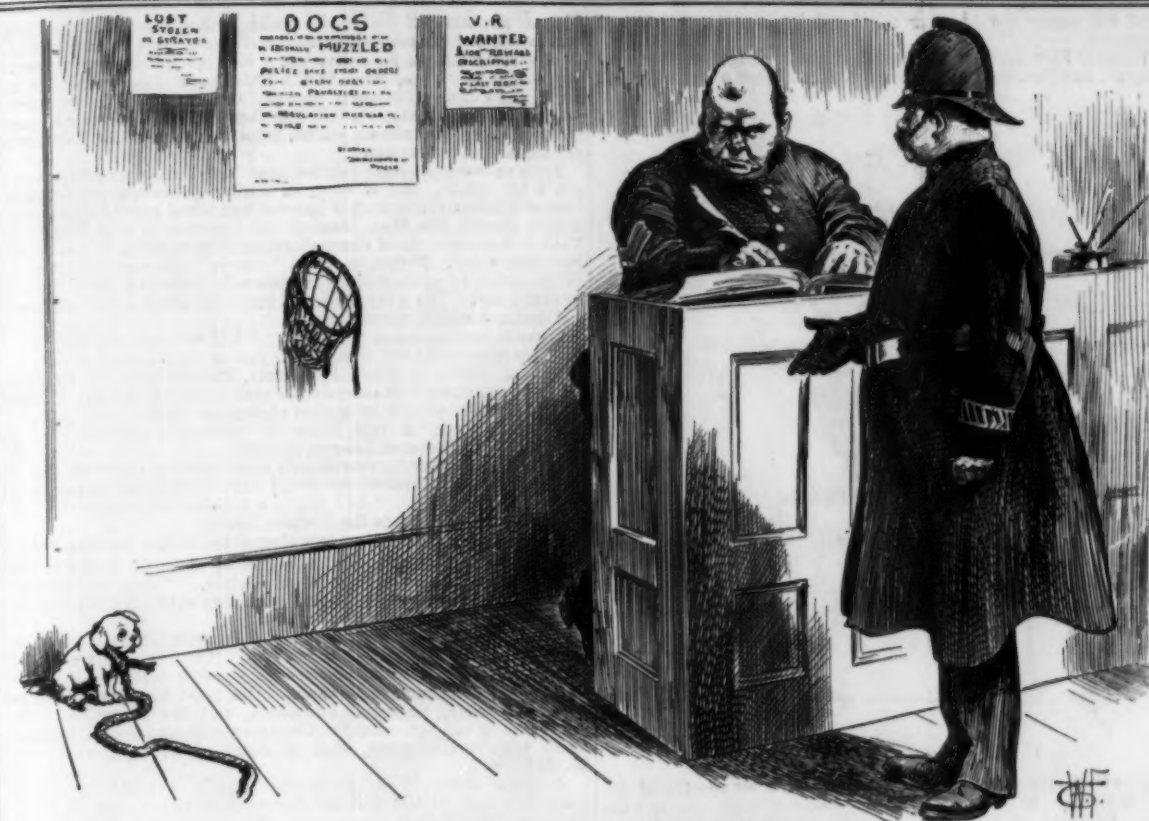
YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington!* An attractive title! Open Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's book, and regard Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's portrait of the Most Gorgeous herself! A lovely woman truly. Count D'ORSAY was not much of an artist, but he knew a pretty woman when he saw one, and the Baron en-dorsay's the Count's opinion. Poor "Gorgeous" one! This name was fathered on her by Dr. PARK. The earliest portion of her existence was sad; so was the latest. *In medio, gloriosissima!* She belonged to the *Book of Beauty* and *Keepsake* period. MARGARET POWER had a rough time of it in her father's house, and a still rougher in that of her husband, Mr. FARMER. Then, by the advice of a "kind-hearted, honourable man," MAGGIE FARMER farmed herself out to a protectionist, living for six years "under the protection of Captain JENKINS," oblivious of her Farmer husband. Suddenly appeared on the scene my Lord BLESSINGTON, widower. "When first he saw sweet PEGGY," as the song has it, the Earl desired to possess her: whereupon unselfish JENKINS nobly effaced himself, on consideration of ten thousand pounds paid to him by my Lord BLESSINGTON; but before The Gorgeous MARGARET could obtain a divorce, her husband, the fuddled FARMER, during a drunken orgie, tumbled out of a first-floor window, and ended his evening, and his days, in Middlesex Hospital. Then Noble Earl made PEGGY Countess, and from that time forth till Noble Earl paid debt of nature, leaving £2000 per annum to his widow, the Gorgeous PEGGY was Gorgeous indeed! Not a genius but was lionised by her. She must have laughed in her sleeve (where is her real diary in Pepsidian cipher?) at all the geniuses, with the exception of Count D'ORSAY, with whom she subsequently lived; and in death they were not divided, as their stone sarcophagi stand side by side, having been designed and so placed by D'ORSAY himself; the one for Gorgeous PEGGY, who died in 1849, and the other for the Count, who became a "Count Out" in 1852. In the very full cast of *Iranianis personæ* the characters of Lord BYRON and the Countess GUICCIOLI are the most interesting. In any society, be it were it may, there is always a bore, and the representative of this genus in this company is WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Whether he writes or speaks he is tedious. What a scene in *Vanity Fair* it all is! What showy puppets are the Most Gorgeous Lady and the Brilliantly French Polished Count! As a study of this artificial period Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's *Gorgeous Lady Blessington*, in two volumes, from DOWNEY & Co.'s, is highly recommended by

THE BARON.





THE MUZZLING REGULATIONS.

ANOTHER CULPRIT.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which JOKIM, expounding his naval scheme, contemplated the probable feelings of foreign Powers when they learn how the British Fleet is to be strengthened. "You really mustn't," he said, glancing across the silver streak, "compare this trifling amount of twenty-two millions spent on our Navy, with the francs, or marks, or roubles, or lire you lavish on your puny fleets. Just think of your armies. Britannia has no army worth speaking of; no towers along her steep; her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep. So of course we must make ourselves at home there. Nothing farther from our thoughts or intention than threatening you. In fact, if you look at it in the proper light, you will see that this expenditure and this labour are incurred solely for your benefit. Think how much more valuable we are made to any friends of ours! That's the proper way to look at it."

House much pleased at this way of putting things; hope same point of view will be accepted at Berlin and other places where England is loved. Seventeen millions-and-a-half is the amount of additional expenditure involved in scheme. A tidy sum, which House faced with equanimity. HICKS-BEACH has behaved nobly. As JOKIM phrased it, "the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will generously put aside the surplus of this year to meet the expenditure under the Naval Works Bill, which will amount to five millions-and-a-half."

That something like generosity. Possibly no any failure in the supply of lava, but the cold country but England possesses a citizen who stream of facts has been too much for it!



"WHO SAID ATROCITY (MONGERS)!"

A Study of a Volcano recently extinct, not from

would act in so princely a manner; and so quietly too. SARK tells me he hears HICKS-BEACH wanted to act anonymously in the matter. "Put it down from" A friend," he said to JOKIM, when volunteering the little sum.

JOKIM, not to be outdone in generosity, declined.

"No, HICKS-BEACH," he said; "a man who would put his hand in his pocket, take out somebody else's five millions-and-a-half, and lay it on the altar of his country, deserves to have his name publicly mentioned; and I shall do it."

So HICKS-BEACH had to sit there blushing whilst the House rang with applause at his unparalleled generosity. Only the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unresponsive.

"Yes," he said, with something more nearly approaching a sneer than is accustomed to find expression on his benevolent countenance, "they've got the men, they've got the ships, and they've got our money, too."

Business done.—New Naval Scheme explained. Colossal generosity of a right hon. Member.

Tuesday.—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, like other forms of adversity, has his uses. In the last Parliament there were Members who affected belief that he was in the secret pay of EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON. Certainly he did much to improve and establish the reputation of those eminent statesmen. Whenever the course of events, whether in connection with Foreign Office or Colonial Office, tended to make matters embarrassing for Ministers from Party point of view, up jumped SILOMIO, dashed in with ridiculous question which gave the Minister concerned opportunity of tripping him up, whacking him about the head, and,

amid the cheers and laughter occasioned by incident, walking off reinstated.

To-night EDWARD GREY placed under renewed obligations from same quarter. SAM SMITH submitted case of Armenia in one of those forceful,



The Latest Surprise from the Transvaal.

pregnant, stirring speeches which are all too brief for appetite of delighted House. EDWARD GREY about to follow when SILOMIO took the floor. Evidently in best form; his noble nature stirred to deepest depths by aspersions upon the gentle Turk. It was true that, against his will, in anguished suppression of his instincts, Turk had butchered a few Armenians, including women and children. But it was all the fault of SAM SMITH. With terrible voice, with fat forefinger ominously shaken in his direction, SILOMIO denounced the blameless SAMUEL and "his co-atrocity-mongers," as directly responsible for any little misunderstanding that may have arisen between the Turks and their Christian fellow-subjects, resulting in bayoneting, burning alive, dismembering, and other extreme controversial proceedings. After this blatant performance—suggestive in tone and manner, as SARK says, of the Walk-up, Walk-up Gentleman in front of the fair caravan just before the show begins—came EDWARD GREY with his quiet manner, his high tone, his studiously fair-mindedness. To him succeeded GEORGE CURZON in far away the best speech he has yet made in the House. A difficult position for the spokesman of Foreign Office met with a courage, frankness and dexterity that charmed the gathering audience.

"Nothing, my dear TOBY," said Prince ARTHUR, looking down from the pyramidal heights of his thirty-eight years, "has for a long time given me keener pleasure than listening to these two speeches. Endurance of the strength and fame of the House of Commons rests not with the old Parliamentary Hands, but with the *jeune école*. As long as we have young men like EDWARD GREY and GEORGE CURZON coming forward, so long will the Mother House of Parliament maintain her high reputation."

Curious to find Prince ARTHUR quite naturally assuming these patriarchal airs. By-and-by we shall have him adopting Mr. G.'s pet phrase, and talking solemnly about having arrived "at my time of life."

*Business done.*—Government admit they can do nothing to help Armenia. "Very well," says the House, cheerfully; "go on doing it."

*Thursday.*—Dr. TANNER is becoming disappointed with the new SPEAKER. He looks so bland, has such pleasant voice, such courteous manner. Seems as if you could do anything with him. TANNER discovers that, as he puts it, the leg is on the other boot. No chance for a sportive member. Only yesterday TANNER, attempting to raise point of order when House had been cleared for division, had every advantage taken of him. Happened to be sitting under gallery above Gangway when opportunity presented itself. Sprang to his feet to address Chair. That he knew was out of order. Supposing when debate in progress a Member were to join in it without rising from

his seat or taking off his hat, he would forthwith be haled forth and cast into lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat. On the contrary, if, House being cleared for a division, a Member having something to say courteously rises, bows to the SPEAKER, and opens his mouth, he is borne down with angry cries of "Order! Order!" According to fundamental principle of British Constitution, a Member in such circumstances must remain seated, press his hat over his brows, and cry aloud, "Mr. SPEAKER!"

TANNER wouldn't have minded that, only, unfortunately, hadn't got a hat handy. Mr. G. once, in similar circumstances, accepted loan of FARRER HERSHELL's hat—an accidental service which ultimately landed the then Member for Durham on the Woolsack. TANNER having no Lord Chancellorships to give away, no one would lend him a hat. Before he could "convey" one, opportunity fled. When, later, he attempted to recapture it, bellowing "No!" when SPEAKER said "The Ayes have it," SPEAKER ignored his existence, and declared motion carried.

These things happened yesterday. "I'll be even with him yet," said this relic of the Old Guard. So just on the stroke of midnight, after long debate on Shipbuilding Vote, TANNER rose. If he spoke for three minutes would carry debate over to another sitting. PRINCE ARTHUR, swift as hawk on hapless pigeon, pounced.

"I beg to move," he said, "that the question be now put."

"Gag! Gag!" roared TANNER in fury.

Then the SPEAKER, in provokingly quiet manner, observed, that if this sort of thing went on he would have to call the attention of House to his conduct. "And this is a so-called free country!" said TANNER, stamping out to the Division Lobby.

*Business done.*—House got into Committee on Shipbuilding Vote.

*Friday.*—SUTHERLAND, K.C.M.G., back, after six weeks in the alternating sunshine and snow of Riviera. "Hope you haven't been overworking yourself," I said, regarding with anxious solicitude his pensive countenance.

"No," said the Chairman of the P. & O., with hands deep in his pockets, and a far-away look in his eyes. "But you see, a big concern like ours requires constant care and absolute self-devotion on the part of those who manage its affairs. One must have his eye everywhere. Bombay, Calcutta, Yokohama, and the Australian ports loom large on our list. But the Chairman must also keep in personal touch with smaller ports, such as Rome, Florence, Cannes, and Monte Carlo."

*Business done.*—Well, we pretty equally divided the sitting between a local Belfast Bill and discussion of new scheme of Naval Defence. The Belfast Corporation Bill, as more important, had



"It had been said that such ideas as he held were prehistoric doctrines. Well, he would rather have the doctrine of a prehistoric statesman than the ravings of an up-to-date Jingo. (Laughter.) What was the good of a man if he had to walk about in heavy armour all his life. (Laughter.)"—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, March 6.

precedence. When dinner hour approached, and most Members, worn out with squabble in back streets of Derry, had gone off to dinner, took up the Navy Votes.

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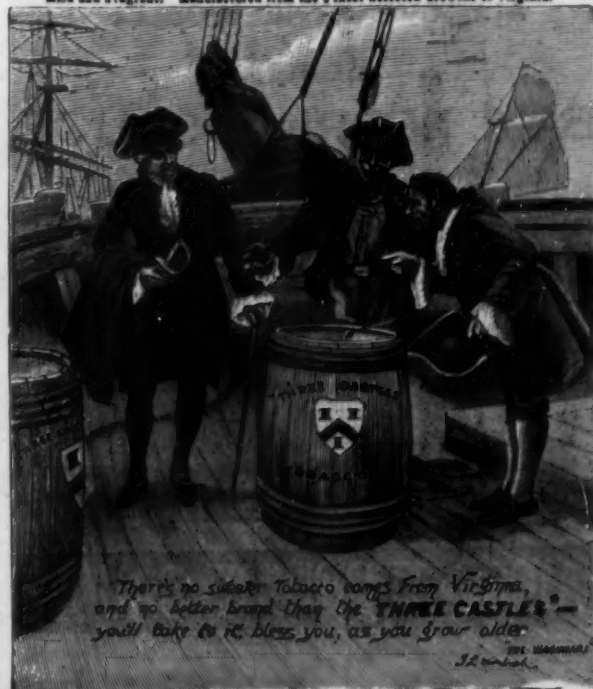
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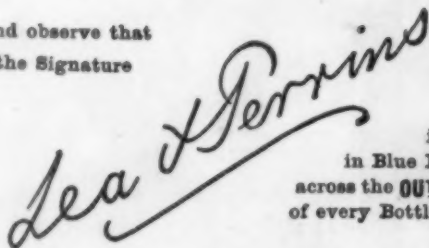
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